Give and Take by femmesteve

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Switching

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Summary:

Billy teaches Steve it's okay to take from your partner sometimes.

Give and Take

Author's Note:

Send me prompts on tumblr!: @FemmeSteve

When Steve and Nancy had first started dating, Steve would whisper in her ear about how good it would feel to have him inside. She had been a virgin and Steve had promised to blow her mind from day one. When they finally had sex, Steve ended up coming first. He cried because he had felt so bad. Nancy had assured him that it was fine, and then Steve had gone down on her and made her scream. It had been her first orgasm, and Steve beamed for hours afterward, so pleased to have made her so happy.

Tommy and Carol would make fun of her, mimicking her shrieking cries of "Please!" and "Steve!" and Steve would watch her go pink with a secret smile of his own. She was embarrassed, but he was extremely pleased.

When they broke up, Steve couldn't help but wonder how Jonathan treated her in bed. Did he make her scream his name? Did she make those cute squeaking noises for him too? Did Jonathan ask her to blow him, and did she like it if he did?

She had offered to take him into her mouth more than once, to try it for him. He had always refused. It didn't feel right to make her do work. He loved her. He just wanted her to feel good. Come hard. Be satisfied and lay with him afterward in his arms.

"Just lay down, Nance," He'd always say, giving her a knowing smile.

Steve had always been the giver even before Nancy. He loved to make girls feel good. He had always gotten high off of hearing a girl scream his name in ecstasy as her legs shook around his hips or head. He could remember being sixteen and getting his first blowjob. He had come in her delicate mouth in thick globs, making her gag and squeal at the taste. Steve had cried and apologized profusely.

"Okay, your turn," She had said when she calmed down, spreading

her legs in invitation.

Steve had shrugged and dove in. He felt better once he felt her walls squeezing around his tongue. He had done it. The next day all of his friends knew that he was able to actually make a girl come. They were impressed and Steve actually felt good about himself.

When Steve started his relationship with Billy, he had expected everything to be the same. The first time they fucked, Billy had laughed at Steve's presumptions.

"You don't want me to-" Steve scratched at the back of his neck, "Y'know. Blow you?"

Billy flashed him a grin and shook his head, "Lay down, princess," He said, motioning with a finger.

That line was almost familiar to Steve.

Steve had came with stars dancing behind his eyelids. Billy swallowed Steve's release and smeared an open mouth kiss across Steve's panting mouth.

As their sexual relationship grew, Steve learned to take. He learned to take Billy's fingers deep so that he squirmed and gasped his pleasure, nails digging into Billy's skin as his boyfriend whispered into his ear. He discovered how good it felt to lay pliant beneath someone as they focused completely on you.

Billy took his time with the older boy, stroking Steve's cock slowly as he kissed his neck and made him beg. He made Steve beg for Billy to sit on his dick and ride him. For him to stop taking his sweet time mouthing at Steve's skin leisurely.

It amused Billy how utterly deprived Steve was before. He noticed as Steve grew more demanding in bed. Sometimes that meant Billy had to let Steve take over. He had to let Steve tend to him for a while, working slick fingers inside of him slowly so he felt it in his bones when Steve pressed against that spot. Sometimes Steve needed to make Billy feel good in order to feel good himself.

The longer that Steve and Billy were together, the more Steve

realized that it was okay to be taken care of sometimes. He didn't feel selfish after coming first, and he cried from pleasure rather than shame.